The Last Time I Saw Salzburg . . . By Alfred Werner

The Saturday Review of Literature

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Reviewed by Carleton Beals

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"THE EMERGENCE OF AN AMERICAN ART"
By Jerome Mellquist
Reviewed by Oliver Larkin

"Intelligence and charm twine through Miss Diamant's 'The Days of Ofelia' so effortlessly that it is without a dull phrase . . . It gets close to tears and laughter and works up to a gripping climax" . . . *(See page 5)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Last Time I Saw Salzburg

ALFRED WERNER

Salzburg is nature, turned to spirit.
—Hermann Bahr.

A SAD centenary to be celebrated this year is the anniversary of the first Salzburg Festival.

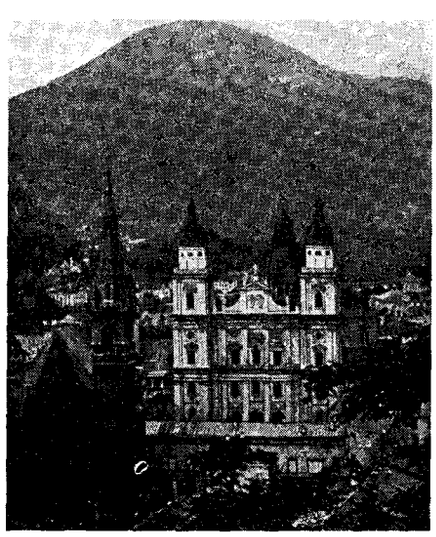
To thousands of Americans whose sons are in the army or who may themselves be fighting the inhabitants of this Salzburg where not so many years ago they spent idyllic summer weeks, this city is still an object of affectionate memories.

The world traveler Alexander von Humboldt called Salzburg the most beautiful city in the world, after Naples and Constantinople. And it is hard for Americans to realize that this geographical as well as spiritual heart of Europe is now nothing but a dusty and uninteresting town in the Ostmark, as Nazified Austria is called, or at best a second Bruges, feeding on a glorious past. Indeed, many would still like to close their eyes to the fact that this last international and supranational meeting-place of the arts vanished on March 11, 1938, when the Nazi troops crossed the frontier to nearby Salzburg.

In 1842, at the unveiling of the statue of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, the city's greatest son, the plan for a Salzburg art festival was broached for the first time. It may be interesting to recall that during the excavations for the foundation of the monument, a Roman mosaic was discovered. It originated from the time when a Roman castle and a trading-post, Juvavum, had defied the Germanic hordes in the north. The mosaic bore the optimistic inscription: *Hic habitat felicitas. Nihil intret mali* (Happiness resides here; may no evil enter!) But unfortunately this magic spell was of little value; the highly developed Latin city was sacked by the barbarians, greedily overrunning the rich Southland, and if, fifteen hundred years later, the descendants of these hordes did not level it to the ground, they achieved one thing without any difficulty: they destroyed the soul of Salzburg.

The soul of Salzburg! The people who made it the goal of their pilgrimage in the month of August went there in most cases in search of sheer amusement and found—the kingdom of the soul! Most foreigners did not know exactly whether or not it was situated in the Tyrolian Alps, whether the language spoken there was "Austrian" or German—in reality it was Parisian and Bostonian—and whether it was correct to go there because of Marlene Dietrich and King Edward VIII or because of Max Reinhardt and Bruno Walter. But many foreign visitors told this writer that from the moment they had entered this home of the muses, they felt its magic spell: they subscribed to the gospel of the artist in Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma"—"The redemption of all things by everlasting beauty!"

Indeed, no place could be a more suitable refinery for all the European art and culture. When in 1587 twenty-eight year old Wolf Dietrich became archbishop and ruler of Salzburg, he brought with him Italian art and the idea of the freedom of the individual from the fetters of medievalism. The common people charged him with the burning of the romanesque cathedral, to make room for the great Dome designed by his court architect, Vicenzo Scamozzi, in imitation of St. Peter's in Rome. The same Wolf Dietrich built the beautiful Mirabelle Castle for his charming mistress, Salome Alt, by whom he had eleven children. From the strictly clerical point of view, of course, he was not exactly an ideal church man, no more than was Pope Alexander VI, patron of Raphael Sanzio, Michelangelo, and Pinturicchio. But Wolf Dietrich had good artistic taste, as had also his ostentatious and extravagant successors, Marcus Sitticus and Paris Lodron. They extorted enormous sums from their subjects, which they used to beautify the city, and they managed to keep Salzburg out of the Thirty Years' War. In the seventeenth century, it was perhaps the most glamorous city in all the German realm. There for the first time an opera was performed on German soil—1618. The first open-air theater was established in the park of Hellbrunn. Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, one of the greatest magicians of music, saw the light of the world in Salzburg. His birth house at 9 Getreidegasse has been made into a museum, and the hut on the Kapuzienerberg, where he composed the "Magic Flute," is still extant.



Salzburg

Men must have had all this in mind when in the sinister war year of 1917 they had the urgent desire to make Salzburg the center of purest art. The Dual Monarchy, comprising a dozen or more different races, which, under a wiser leadership might have become the nucleus of the dreamt of "United States of Europe," was about to collapse and American soldiers were breaking the last German resistance, when this memorable proclamation was made by the Festival Committee at its general assembly, on August 1, 1918: "The world is shrouded in mists and there seems to be no end to the most cruel of wars. Nobody knows what the next hour will bring. Nevertheless, we dare to express the thought of a Salzburg festival dedicated to peace, art, and joy. We call upon those who believe in the power of art, upon those who believe the works and values of art to be the only stable things in the eternal changes of time, to join us and to help us establish a refuge in the name of Mo-

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zart, where art lovers of all countries may unite in festive delight when once the dark clouds of this world catastrophe have passed."

By the treaty of Saint Germain, Austria was reduced from Europe's second-largest empire to its fifteenth or sixteenth state—about the size of Ohio and with the same number of population—but the peacemakers could not kill the music of Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Strauss, Mahler, or the drama of Grillparzer and Hofmannsthal. A sponsoring committee for these festivals was instantly set up in the war-weary country that had to be fed by Americans under Hoover to ward off complete starvation. It included the best men of Central Europe, Eugen d'Albert, Karl Muck, Max von Schillings, Frank Schalk, Franz Schreker, Richard Strauss, Bruno Walter, and Felix von Weingartner among the musicians, Gerhart Hauptmann, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Emil Ludwig, Thomas Mann, Felix Salten, Arthur Schnitzler, Anton Wildgans, and Stefan Zweig among the poets and writers, and Max Reinhardt and Alfred Roller among the stage directors. The leading force among them was definitely Hugo von Hofmannsthal, who next to Rilke and Stefan George was one of Germany's finest lyric poets and the author of lofty poetic dramas and brilliant essays. He gave expression to the idea of Salzburg's international mission, a message that was timely enough in an era when general hatred dominated the European scene. Salzburg, "das Herz vom Herzen Europa" (the heart of the heart of Europe) " . . . lies between the South and the North, between mountains and plains, it is halfway between the heroic and the pastoral, as a monument it is partly town and partly rustic, it is pervaded by a spirit of timelessness, and unites baroque princeliness with delightful stable rusticity. Mozart is the perfect expression of it. There is no finer place in Central Europe and this town had to be the birth place of Mozart."

The festivals were ready to begin in 1919, as far as the artists were concerned, but they had to be postponed —there was not even enough food available for the thirty-odd thousand inhabitants, it could not be purchased even with the almighty dollar. But on August 22, 1920 the Festspiele were actually opened with a performance of Hofmannsthal's "Jedermann," the play that was destined to be the mainstay of the Salzburg summers for almost two decades.

If we ask any number of visitors what had left the strongest impression on their soul. the majority will answer, without hesitation, their eyes still shining with excitement: "Jedermann." The same author's "Grosses Welttheater" will occupy the second place and a performance of the "Magic Flute," of Goethe's "Faust," an organ recital in the Domkirche, or a symphonic concert of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra will come third. It took the three greatest contemporary magicians of the Central European stage to bring the medieval English morality play "Everyman" to life. There was the poet Hofmannsthal who kept the poetic plot, but clothed it in such brilliant language that what would otherwise have been a crude and unconvincing affair was sure to appeal to a modern, sceptical, pampered, and sophisticated audience. Then there was Max Reinhardt who built the oblong wooden stage in front of the majestic old Dome and who selected the genius Alexander Moissi—a native Italian who had started to learn German as an adult—to give life to the wealthy sinner and late penitent *Everyman*. An unforgettable experience—from the moment when the boastful rich man appears before his house—

> How pleasant is my home to look upon!
> How costly and how prominent! Show me
> Another one as rich in all the land

up to the moment when, forsaken by the friends he had feasted, by his servants, bereft of his money, he humbly follows the path to God, shown him by his faith (Helene Thimig, a blue-robed Gothic Madonna):

> Out of
> The deep I call upon Thee now, oh Lord!
> Hear Thou my voice, the voice of my complaint.
> My soul doth wait for Thee, my soul doth flee
> Before the morning watch, my Lord, to Thee!

The part was taken over during the last plays by Paul Hartmann, an actor from the Viennese Burgtheater, but the melancholy and melodious voice of Alexander Moissi will never be forgotten by anyone who had the privilege of listening to it.

It had been rather a risky thing to present a symbolic drama to an audience accustomed to Broadway plays and Parisian vaudeville, but the wizard of Salzburg, Reinhardt, calling upon music, the Salzburg scene, and the Lord of Heaven for help, was victorious. Another daring experiment was the staging of "Das Salzburger Grosse Welttheater," a miracle play modelled by Hofmannsthal on Calderon's "El Gran Teatro del Mundo." The Master commands the World to produce a play, choosing the actors from among the unembodied spirits. King,

(*Continued on page 17*)

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Beloved Neighbors

THE DAYS OF OFELIA. By Gertrude Diamant. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1942. 236 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by CARLETON BEALS

BEFORE I opened this book, my prejudices had been actively aroused against it. It promised, from the jacket blurb, to be in the conventional pattern of the housewife abroad, seeing native life through the antics of her naive servant. But my antipathy started to melt on the very first page, with Miss Diamant's search for Atoyac Street in one of the less fashionable European and middle-class districts of the capital. Before the first ten pages were behind me, her quiet humor had not only smoothed down all my feathers, but I knew she could not only see Mexico but feel it deeply, past and present, and really understand it. Intelligence and charm twine through her book so effortlessly that it is without a dull phrase, which is a backhanded way of saying that much of it is scintillating. It gets close to laughter and tears and works up to a gripping climax. It is not merely a mosaic; it develops organically, and marches onward with suspense to a plot denouement. She knows how to make the comic and the tragic link arms and sally forth to the fiesta in their brave masks. And so this is not merely the description of an alien folk, an interpretation of a different country, a smelling out of strange customs and sights, but a warm, living drama of human beings and of problems, that, for all their unusual habiliments, are close to all of us.

For Miss Diamant managed to get away from the insect-inspection angle usually imposed by the relationship of mistress and maid in such records. Not only did she seat barefoot Ofelia Escoto at her table—a most horrible breach of custom—but she took the whole Escoto family to her bosom, and thereby came to know their miseries and joys, their fatalism and carelessness, their celebrations and their sorrows, their loyalties and dishonesties. Typical and amusing is the manner in which Ofelia wormed herself into the author's employment and full confidence. In the end, these poverty-stricken, haphazard people on Atoyac Street become the beloved neighbors of every reader. That in itself is an accomplishment.

Miss Diamant is quite too interested in everything about her to tread the corns of her various irritations. Of what use is it, she asks, to visit a foreign country and not stub your toe against different customs and ideas? Always more amused than censorious, rather than preach, she tries to find an explanation, or shrugs the matter off as insignificant beside the major life drama she unfolds. Perhaps "Latin illogic" and "rearranging reality" do not mean much as explanations, but when she meets up with immigration red-tape and the grafting official (those typical little annoyances every visitor seems fated to mention) she is probably quite right in concluding that the game, the fantasy, and the curious conjectures her tormenters indulge in, are quite as important as the gain, especially as in no case did she have to pay the graft they were supposedly seeking. For the Mexican, the artistry is quite as important as the deed itself; the gesture quite as important as the purpose; the poetry of etiquette more beloved than superficial sincerity. Very likely the popular song of the market place will find its thrilling climax not in the murder at all but in the caliber of the gun with which it was committed.

If, for the most part, she does not stray far from tourist haunts, and she details the customary accounts of markets and tortillas and pulque and the Pan American highway, her experiences have a unique quality, and even the most hackneyed of themes she touches with grace and originality, and always with a humorous turn. Crusty old Bernal Díaz of Cortés's expedition would probably snort at being called an early tourist, but Miss Diamant rather proves it on him. And there on Atoyac Street, Miss Diamant travels far indeed and comes to grips with some of the ageless truths of human nature and some of the deeper secrets of Mexican life.

This may not be a profound book so far as Mexico as a whole is concerned, but it is a warm, delightful book. The reader will lay it down with a sense of full satisfaction, except for the deep regret that he has to say "adios" to the Escotos perhaps forever. But he will know that they, and others like them, are living and struggling in happiness and perhaps in tragedy in Mexico, and he will be glad that he has such people for neighbors. And Mexico perhaps will be a reality not just a geographical name and a certain imponderable in power politics.

—Illustration by E. H. Suydam for Clifford Gessler's "Pattern of Mexico" (Appleton-Century).

Italian Farmers

THE SEED BENEATH THE SNOW. By Ignazio Silone. New York: Harper & Bros. 1942. 360 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD R. PLANT

THERE can be no doubt that Ignazio Silone knows thoroughly the Italian farmer, the small town official, the rural nobility, all of which he described so convincingly in his unforgettable "Fontamara" and "Bread and Wine." No doubt, the peasants in his new extensive novel are true to life. But if they are, this very quality makes for the most difficult reading for the American Silone addict. Because his farmers are not only born orators, they stay orators all their lives. Meetings, discussions, arguments are carried on with an eloquence that would delight Cicero more than it does the reader in 1942. Not one single person in this book, with the possible exception of the deaf mute Infante, says anything in a short sentence, or ventures an opinion in brief lines. They indulge in talk, they live by talk, they get drunk on words, phrases, oratorical embellishments, whether they are poor and supposedly illiterate or educated and trained for the higher arts of rhetoric.

It is understandable if a new, government-sent official orator, who has been trained in a new, anti-Christian and German-influenced mysticism, does indulge in several long-winded addresses into which Silone can slip his biting irony and sorrowful scorn. But even the unforgettable figure of the eighty year old Donna Maria Vincenza, the mistress of the moldering, proud house of the Spina family, the domineering focal point of the book, is given to elaborate reminiscences of earlier days, appraisals of the dark present, and general philosophies. And poor Simone, the "Polecat," an outcast eccentric, one of Silone's most convincing figures, isn't spared and makes speeches whenever he finds a chance.

There are moving and lovely parts in this novel: the gradual convalescence of Pietro, the hunted anti-fascist, whom his grandmother nurses back to life and who becomes finally a saintly man; the friendship between Pietro and the deaf mute Infante, strangely reminiscent of Steinbeck's George and Lanny; the austere figure of the maiden aunt Eufemia who hates the "New Order" because it is loud and vulgar, and who cheats the village out of the expected inheritance in a grand manner—many such episodes show that Silone is a writer of stature, who, given the right material, can stand any comparison with Heming-

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way and Steinbeck. But in "The Seed Beneath the Snow" he did not choose the right material. If he had planned to show us the inner rebellion of the Italian farmer against the new unnatural system that Mussolini has imposed on them, by giving a picture of a typical village in the mountains, he has fallen victim to his own realism. For the oratorically gifted farmers are real enough, but their speeches occupy so much of the story, that the rebellion of Pietro and his fellow-workers cannot crystallize into a plot, even a feeble one.

Perfect, of course, are the descriptions of the Italian housewives, the wife of the druggist, the government official and the clerk, who start a bit of small talk about cooking and end up by heated arguments over the merits of respective laxatives; equally biting are his descriptions of the menfolk's dinner, where everybody tries to play up to the new government speaker, sent up from Rome. These parts are written with a penetrating acerbity that would make a caricaturist envious. But even the end of the novel does not give us the feeling, that beneath the cold snow of the new regime there is the seed of hope, rebellion, and preparedness among the farmers of Italy, whom Silone has so unerringly described in his "Fontamara."

Correction

In *The Saturday Review,* July 11th, in Mr. R. E. Roberts's review of "The English Novel in Transition," by William C. Frierson, the price is listed as $8.00. The correct price is $3.00.

Three Men in a Boat

THE RAFT. By Robert Trumbull. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1942. 204 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PAUL SCHUBERT

WHEN Harold F. Dixon, aviation chief machinist mate and navy pilot, set his plane down on the blue Pacific one afternoon this spring, the plane, being a carrier-based land plane, promptly sank. It had taken off from the aircraft carrier earlier in the day with orders to carry out a routine patrol flight in search of Japanese sub activities. When at the end of the patrol Dixon flew to the spot where he expected to find the carrier, he found only the empty ocean—navigational calculations had gone wrong. After his forced landing, the plane went down so fast that he and his companions had neither time to inflate their small collapsible rubber life raft nor to provision it.

Dixon's companions were Anthony Pastula, aviation ordnance man second class, and Gene Aldrich, radio man third class. Aldrich was twenty-two; Pastula, twenty-four—both were relatively new to the sea. Dixon himself was a chief petty officer in his fourth "hitch," a superior man of long service and experience, a competent navigator, a capable mariner, a good leader—truly "a man of infinite resource and sagacity." His character and discipline found answer in the character and discipline of the other two—this trio had the solid core of integrity of the U. S. Navy.

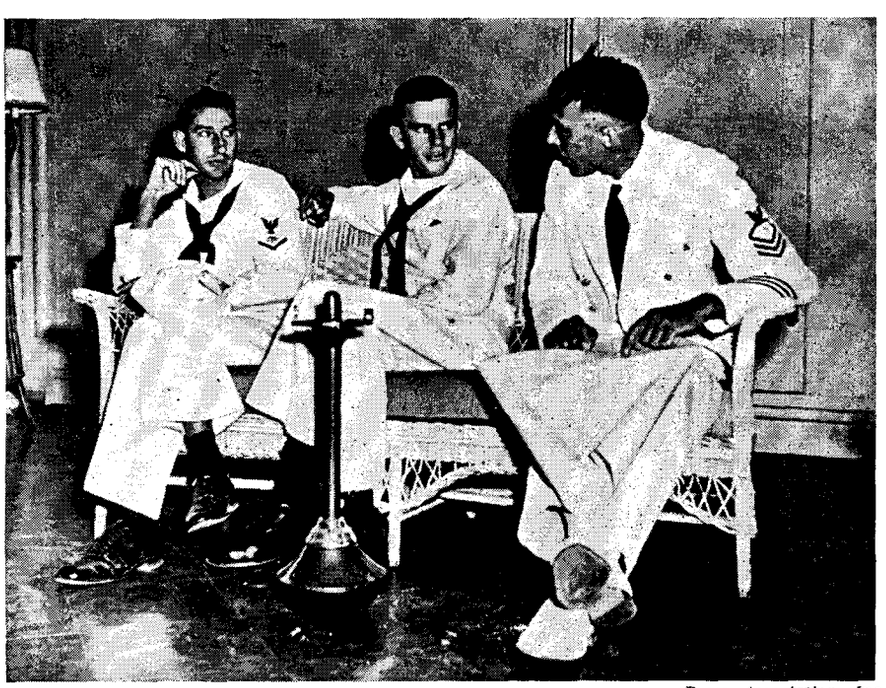
They managed to inflate their rubber raft, to climb aboard it, to live on that unstable fragment of fabric (only four feet wide by eight feet long) for thirty-four days—to navigate for a distance of one thousand miles by taking advantage of favorable winds, to exist on scraps of raw fish and albatross caught by the most primitive means (plus a couple of floating cocoanuts fished out of the sea). They suffered from sun, exposure, starvation, and thirst—sometimes days passed without the rain which was their only source of drinking water. They prayed, they endured, they stuck together as a team, they fought—and won.

This tale, one of the oldest and most frequently repeated narratives of the sea, is always fresh—always gripping. It is encouraging to learn anew that our generation, often called soft and decadent, can "take it" as well as any hardy seafarers of the past—take it not only physically, but with spiritual fortitude and grace of character. These three modern American sailors, ordinary men typical of thousands of their comrades, displayed in their struggle the qualities that will win this war for us, the qualities that pass beyond stamina into living epos.

The book, written in the first person by Robert Trumbull, of Honolulu, after spending a week end with Dixon, is curiously unworthy of the feat which it relates. Obviously prepared in a great hurry, it suffers from redundance and repetition, but more than that, it lacks quality. The author, though he feels his subject strongly enough, has strangely missed the flavor of the navy and the sea, nor does he get inside the personalities and vocabularies of men like Dixon, Pastula, and Aldrich. The whole story is here, but it is blunted by paragraphs like the following:

> When the brief rain was over, we again disrobed and wrung our clothes. To us, this was almost like having a bath. The refreshment balanced us mentally, and we chatted fairly merrily for perhaps an hour until the heavy night began to press again and stilled us.

American gobs neither disrobe nor chat merrily. The book would sound more genuine, particularly since it is in this first person form, if it had more of the salty savor of the lower decks, the language of the fleet, and fewer stilted efforts at literary padding.



—*Press Association, Inc.*

Aldrich, Pastula, and Dixon in Honolulu after their recuperation was almost complete.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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Catholicism and Human Culture

THE REED AND THE ROCK. By Theodore Maynard. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 1942. 273 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by GEORGE N. SHUSTER

SOME years ago, Mr. Maynard wrote a very good life of Ferdinand De Soto. Since then he has dug deeper into the history of American Catholicism and come up with several great and goodly stories. It seems to me that "The Reed and the Rock" is his best work to date, both because the person with whom it is concerned is interesting and because the style is calmer and less tinged with the zest for controversy. Simon Bruté, first bishop of Vincennes, was seemingly destined for another life than that of the frontier. But in him the maxim of the Testament that loss of life is its finding was verified, as indeed it was in many a Frenchman who came to America on the service of his Church or his King.

Bruté survived the Revolution and proved himself a brilliant student of science. Then quite simply he decided on the priesthood and the Community of Saint-Sulpice. This was an order of men with a foothold in the United States, and so in due time Bruté came to Baltimore. In a little while he was struggling to build up a boy's college at Emmitsburg, and there he met Elizabeth Seton, New England convert and widow whose desire it was to serve the Lord. The friendship which grew up between the two resembled that which brought Saint Francis de Sales and Saint Jeanne de Chantal together in spiritual comradeship. Some time, in all probability, both Simon and Elizabeth will be declared saints of the Church. Mr. Maynard writes well of their union in the quest for holiness.

In Maryland, Bruté was considered an eccentric scholar, addicted to austerities and quotations. He gave away not half his coat but the whole of it; and in so far as knowledge is concerned, he was probably the most learned American of his time. It was taken for granted that the man was what the world is prone to believe a professor to be—an amiable, slightly insane homesteader on some acre of abstractions. Suddenly, however, he was propelled into a bishopric, much against the will of some who felt the man would never know how to till the vineyard of the Lord in the regulation manner. Yet, though Bruté arrived in a Vincennes of log cabins surrounded by boxes of books, he was in a short time master of all be surveyed. He shouldered all the economic burdens of his diocese like a man. Bruté lasted only five years at his exacting post, and then died of consumption. But meanwhile he had built twenty-six churches and several schools. He had marshaled priests for the conquest of the future.

Mr. Maynard makes the most of what the materials afford. Sometimes he pauses to argue a point, but on the whole his book is a moving portrait of an extraordinarily charming and able man. There are times at which the story touches upon events of moment in the story of human culture, as when Bruté sought to win back to the Catholic fold the disaffected Lamennais. There are other moments when it is very quiet, with the brooding of the forest into which the pioneers went. It seems to me that both are set forth very well, in as fully rounded and realized a portrait as American Catholic biography has as yet drawn.

Theodore Maynard

The Supreme Court Since 1787

THE SUPREME COURT AND JUDICIAL REVIEW. By Robert K. Carr. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1942. 298 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by MORRIS L. ERNST

THIS book cuts, with wisdom, a course in between the ordinary oversimplified stories of law for laymen on the one hand, and the super legalisms mixed with bewildering Latin and written for members of the legal profession on the other. The Professor's approach contains no particular glamor or spectacular tangents to the story of the Supreme Court. It does, however, treat the court structure with a high degree of realism. The Court's pugnacity, its sluggishness, its handling of the constitution as an instrument and also as a symbol, its early struggle for power, its reactions under attack are laid forth with some simplicity.

From its ideological inception in the Convention of 1787 the court has been a mighty instrument in the constant clash between centralized national control in Washington on the one hand, and in the continuation of thirteen up to forty-eight separate experimental laboratories known as States on the other. The author is not unaware of the necessity for changing interpretations dependent upon changed mores and folkways. His chapter on Interstate Commerce is peculiarly intriguing on this score. Then again he discusses in simple terms that vague shibboleth known as "due process of law." To what extent does it relate to "process" as a procedure? Where does it touch on property rights, and how, in recent years, has it been bent to protect human liberty? It is obvious that the court has evidenced at times a social lag and has been, as in the case of income tax and child labor and other great social movements, decades behind the will of the people. On the other hand, he makes clear that some group of men has to do a perpetual job of interpreting words and customs as outlined in opinions or statutes, and hence try to remove the confusions that arise from social desires in varying interpretations of words, and still at the same time create a pattern of human relationships so that persons may adventure with some slight stability in their activities without running afoul of this thing called law.

The reader of this book soon realizes that what really is before the court in every case is a series of conflicts between varying social desires and the point at which the court must act is when it is called upon to determine which desire is strongest at the point of conflict.

Between the lines one can tell what kind of a world the author wants, but by and large he has been objective and declarative. No lawyer reading the book will agree with all of it. With the emphasis on many sections I am in utter disregard. But surely it is a constructive contribution to the education of the United States in this most important field of social control.

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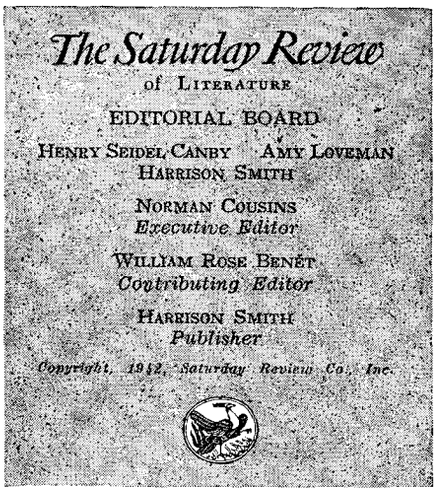

HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS

IN the year 1834, when a certain condescension toward Americans was still the general attitude of foreigners, there came to the United States on a visit one of the most open-minded, astute, and judicious of the long procession of British travellers who were to set down their impressions of the nation for the benefit of their countrymen. Harriet Martineau, who, confronted with the loss of her fortune, had turned author and promptly risen to distinction, was a Unitarian whose connections as well as her political and social writings had commended her to a group in New England, while her pronounced anti-slavery sentiments had made her name as notable to the Abolitionists as it was anathema to the Southerners. She met during her two years in America everyone from the President and the justices of the Supreme Court and leaders of society and the arts to farmers and backwoodsmen; she travelled through New England, the South, and the Middle West, everywhere making it her business to talk to as great a variety of persons as chance or introductions made possible, and she retained under all conditions of travel weariness or discomfort a lively and unflagging interest. The books in which she chronicled her journeyings have long been out of print, but happily, Harper and Brothers, by way of celebrating its one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary, is now about to issue a facsimile edition of what still remains one of the most entertaining and instructive accounts of pre-Civil War America, "Retrospect of Western Travel."*

Travel in the days of Miss Martineau knew little of the stream-lined luxury of our own time; conveyances, inns, accommodations, even the best of them, were lamentably inadequate according to our standards, and when they were second best or third rate, quite appallingly uncomfortable. But Miss Martineau took the ill with the good. Unperturbed by sour meals or bedbugs or long journeys over wretched roads, she was delighted as she passed along the shores of the Missouri by her first sight of fireflies, the report of which had long excited her imagination, overwhelmed by the beauty of the Catskills, stimulated by the conversation of Madison whom she visited in his ex-presidential retirement, profoundly interested by visitors like Webster and Chief Justice Marshall. Nothing was too trivial to catch her attention, nothing too involved to enlist her interest. She was the ideal traveller, indefatigable, curious, with a rich background of knowledge, and with a mind open to points of view and conditions foreign to those she knew.

Her books make stalwart reading for the hour, for in a day when America is already on the march, and on the eve of a mass migration of men to foreign parts where people and customs are alien and strange, there is an interesting lesson to be drawn from the method which governed Miss Martineau's approach to her chronicles of the United States. She came with the twofold intention of learning what she could of the habits, customs, and points of view of the Americans by direct observation of them, and of assessing and interpreting the civilization she saw not by any empirical standard of her own but in its conformity to the principles on which it was professedly based. She judged America, in other words, in the light of American ideals and as the manifestation of an indigenous culture rather than in its divergence from any other scheme of life. Since she thus looked on it, there was nothing of condescension in her attitude, nothing of patronage in her admiration, or resentment in her criticism. She saw it as different from, but not necessarily better or worse than her own land, and she presented it fearlessly as she saw it.

Hers was the true "good neighbor" policy for it fostered the understanding in which alone amity between nations is bred. It is a policy of utmost moment for the months to come when Americans by the million will be arriving in foreign lands, where they will be thrown into an intimacy of relationship with alien peoples that can breed either harmony or disharmony for all future time. If they are to live with their allies in arms not only in the temporary community of military necessity but in the more lasting communion of a united post-war world, now will be the time that the bonds of understanding must be forged. Everyone who is past middle age can remember the friction that again and again in the last war resulted from the failure of English and Americans, of Americans and French to understand diversified points of view. What was different appeared bad, or "queer," or absurd, and planted dislike where a tolerant insight might have avoided ill feeling. Miss Martineau's touchstone of measuring a strange land in the light of its own professed beliefs and adaptation to them, instead of by its divergence from a preconceived code of life, could well be preached in our orientation courses. It is a touchstone by which the bad as well as the good would show up, and in which a vicious ideology would be revealed as well as its superficial manifestations.

A. L.

*The book will be published in late October.

The Delicate Dream Beyond Chaos

By Bette Richart

SEE me, then, as a singular fragile lady
Who nevertheless is strong:
Who will never be broken by wars or by rumors of wars,
But who will quietly love you her whole life long.

It is for you, in the lilting peace of summer,
She stands arranging roses, among the rarest
Finding no symbol of that exquisite one
In her blood, matchless and fairest.

It is for you she lights the logs in winter,
For you her bright room sheltered from the cold.
Only for you is her gravity forgotten,
And the kiss contrived, naked and bold.
She is a romantic lady in long blue gown,
Whose brain is naught but the image of her lord.
Her heart's slow deeply passionate understanding
Is tender in every word.

And when the moon strikes terror in her lord's eyes
By meanings ambiguous and wild and shady,
She will open her door and call him in that low voice,
And close his troubled eyes with her lips, this lady.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A Forgotten Author

SIR:—In a short time a hundred years will have gone since the death of an author who has been unjustly forgotten, although he belongs to the most brilliant satirists. It is not only the ravishing and sappy humor that must delight everyone, but the profound ethos of this author's pugnacious nature. I am speaking of the man Claude Tillier, the author of "Mon Oncle Benjamin."

In this novel the author shows us personalities of a small town in Middle France; the scene is laid in the end of the eighteenth century. Tillier turns the haughtiness and insolence of nobility by birth into ridicule, contrasting it with the genuine noble mentality of commoners, thus proving the hollowness of prejudices of birth, race, faith and deriding the exaggerated pretensions of the clergy, which took advantage of the superstitions of the narrow-mindedness of the people.

Democratic view of life has never been more bravely defended, and obsolete prejudices and reaction have never been fought in a wittier manner!

The figures are full of life, the enjoyment is nearly contagious, so that the reader will be put in a good humor. Most of the scenes are written with a Rabelaisian humor and with Voltareian wit and spirit. This is a book which you can read again and again, a good remedy for bad humor!

Since even our largest libraries possess no translation, I believe that there is none in existence. Therefore it is more than time to redress this loss. A publisher would deserve well of the democratic world and would have a big success if he published a good translation (if possible with wood cuts).

It would be an enrichment of American literature and—as I have already stated—a refreshment for numerous readers.

KURT DONZIGER.

New York City.

In Rebuttal

SIR:—In comment upon Mr. Tead's review of Mr. Carl J. Friedrich's book, "The New Belief in the Common Man," Katherine Grant Sterne says: "The dichotomy between intelligence and character is so essentially a German (not merely a Nazi) doctrine," etc., etc.

I have kept an open eye for anti-German outgivings in the present war, and until this word of your correspondent appeared I thought we were behaving remarkably well, as contrasted with the hate and hysteria of 1914-18. May I say apropos of Dr. Friedrich, I do not know who the common man is, and I doubt if there is a common man. But for anyone to indict and condemn a whole people, and that in the light of the Germanic contribution to science, philosophy, and theology, is, even in perilous times, and with all our loathing for the ideology and horror of Nazism, an astounding thing. Of course, there is absolutely no more truth in the statement about dichotomy between intelligence and character as a mark of German mentality than there is in the English, the French or the American people. I agree with your correspondent that the more intelligence the more character. Ninety-nine per cent of all people would say the same.

ALBERT C. DIEFFENBACH.

Cambridge, Mass.

"Well, get rid of it some way. I've just been drafted!"

Past and Present

SIR:—Richard L. Plant, in his review of "All the Trumpets Sounded," speaks of "the most difficult task of creating figures out of antiquity—to present people whose nature is so radically different from our own that we have no approach to them."

This seems to explain why the historian has no influence today; he thinks in terms of a past that is radically different from the present. Perhaps the people of the Bible, of whom Mr. Plant was writing, had very different natures, though this contradicts the hold the Bible has had through the centuries, but the past of the Christian era is often like the past of today and should be known in its relation to the present. We would understand the Roman empire better if we understood the British empire, and knew its history down to the present moment. As an example of what I mean—I studied United States history under Albert Bushnell Hart the year after Weaver had rolled up a large populist vote in the South. But Professor Hart stopped at 1876, and we never suspected the great democratic movement that was sweeping the South. The past was a thing by itself, dead, unrelated to the present. No wonder live men, like Henry Ford, despise history.

Has the *Saturday Review of Literature* reviewed any more worthy history that brings its facts up to the present and helps explain today's conflict? I can think of none. But if history were alive we'd have a background of knowledge concerning every country in Europe and with it a recital of that country's position today. New and amazing things have happened since the last world war, in Russia, in India under Gandhi, in China, in Palestine. These facts should be collected by scholars and related to the past that that we may have a real picture of a country. Instead, we rely on the press which is only permitted to report the news of the moment, news often exaggerated and about some person or place that has publicity value.

Think of the universities all over these United States. Each has its chair of history. What enthusiasm should have come from them. New languages learned, scholars going all over the world to see history in the making! The scientists have been alert, healing and destroying. But the historians make me think of Lewis Carroll's

Little ghostises,
Who sat upon a fence and ate
Their buttered toastises.

MARY WHITE OVINGTON.

Cape Elizabeth, Me.

Sir Hubert Speaks

SIR:—☞I note Miss Virginia Young's remarks. Please inform her that Old Q. used typographical mortmain on purpose. ☞It was always in his intention to condense, make compact and difficult, thus gradually to shuck off the casual, superficial, and jejeune reader. ☞In this he deems he was successful and on this antique postal card he rests his case.

☞Yours,

☞P. E. G. QUERCUS, EMERITUS.

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With Notebook and Camera in Russia

SHOOTING THE RUSSIAN WAR. By Margaret Bourke-White. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1942. 298 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by MARK GAYN

IN his "Moscow War Diary," Alexander Werth, with some irritation, refers to a young lady with a camera who missed no opportunity—however ill-timed—to take photographs.

The young lady has now released some of these photographs in book form, with generous captions, and some 60,000 words of text besides. The lady's name is Margaret Bourke-White. And it is pleasant to record that her "Shooting the Russian War" is chatty, gay, witty, and, withal, informative.

With her husband, Erskine Caldwell (who has already reported his Soviet impressions in "On the Road to Smolensk"), Miss Bourke-White went to Russia in May, 1941. The trip was undertaken on the hunch that "something" big was about to break—and when it did break on June 22 both found their hands full. Miss Bourke-White's own preoccupations included writing, radio broadcasting, and photography—with emphasis on the last.

Photography took Miss Bourke-White to a lot of places usually ignored by newspapermen. In a technical school she saw women study a locomotive model—and then rush off to a creche to give breast to their children. At the office of *Pravda,* the official Communist organ, she photographed a soldier's wife writing a letter to the editor with a plea for a larger room. And at the new Koktail Hall on Moscow's "Fifth Avenue" she photographed two competent hands mixing a Kowboy Koktail (the recipe: apricot liqueur, benedictine, egg yolk, gin, and cognac with pepper).

Her store of yarns is inexhaustible. Here are a few, dealing with censors and with Stalin. Erskine Caldwell was in the habit of using idiomatic expressions in his radio scripts. The censor had difficulty keeping up with the idiom, and once, when Caldwell called Hitler "a good lid-sitter," the censor rebelled. It was impossible, he insisted, for Hitler to be good at anything. After one of such exchanges, the censor exploded: "I don't know why it is! Both Caldwell and Gorky are great writers, but I have no difficulty at all in understanding the writings of Gorky."

Once Miss Bourke-White appealed to her editor in New York: "Must Ask for Another Thousand Dollars because Regret Living Costs Rising Astronomically." Displeased by the reference to the high cost of living, the censor simply blue-penciled the last three words. The message went off as: "Must Ask for Another Thousand Dollars because Regret Living."

In 1938, Miss Bourke-White went on a visit to Stalin's birthplace near Tiflis. She was taken to the tiny village of Dedi-Lelo, and proudly shown a damp, dark dugout. When she returned to Tiflis in 1941, and asked once again to be shown Stalin's birthplace, she was taken to the town of Gori. There, under a marble-and-glass roof resting on marble pillars, she was shown a two-room shack. The house was not pretentious. It was simply a different house from the one she saw nine years earlier.

When Miss Bourke-White received permission to photograph Stalin, she was whisked off to the Kremlin and ushered into a waiting room. There, on a table, she saw some fat, green pencils. She could not resist the temptation: one of the pencils is now in her home in Connecticut.

This is not a deep book. It was not intended to be deep. It is a pleasant, good-humored, friendly story of a trip to Russia, and no reader will fail to enjoy it. The photographers will love Miss Bourke-White for the appendix in which she gives details on the book's magnificent photographs.

—*Halsman*

Margaret Bourke-White

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

MORE FAMOUS QUESTIONS

Mr. Theodore H. Kenworth, of Brooklyn, submits another list of famous questions. (Others appeared in March 1 and May 31, 1941, and February 28, 1942.) Can you match up the questions with their authors? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 12.

1. Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys? ( ) Browning
2. Hast thou named all the birds without a gun? ( ) Bryant
3. Have you your pistols? Have you your sharp-edged axes? ( ) Davies
4. What to him are Plato and the swing of Pleiades? ( ) Emerson
5. Is this a time to be cloudy and sad when our Mother Nature laughs around? ( ) Gilbert
6. We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three? ( ) Henley
7. For how do I hold thee but by thy granting? ( ) Holmes
8. Is it but a world of trouble, sadness set to song? ( ) Keats
9. Who are these coming to the sacrifice? ( ) Kipling
10. Doth God exact day labor, light denied? ( ) Lindsay
11. Do the boys and girls still go to Siever's for cider, after school, in late September? ( ) Lyly
12. Where is it now, the glory and the dream? ( ) Markham
13. O Love! has she done this to thee? ( ) Masters
14. Why weep ye by the tide, ladie? why weep ye by the tide? ( ) Milton
15. Where are the passions they essayed, and where the tears they made to flow? ( ) Scott
16. D'ye think I'll brook being worse treated than a Cook? ( ) Shakespeare
17. What is this life if, full of care, we have no time to stand and stare? ( ) Tennyson
18. And who will bring white peace that he may sleep upon his hill again? ( ) Thompson
19. The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind? ( ) Whitman
20. What stand if Freedom fall? ( ) Wordsworth

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Art in America

THE EMERGENCE OF AN AMERICAN ART. By Jerome Mellquist. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1942. 406 pp. and index. $3.75.

Reviewed by OLIVER LARKIN

THE art which, in Mr. Mellquist's sense, has emerged since 1900 from the confusions of American life is that of the "more level minds"; his heroes are the independents whose revolt against academicism stirred the decade before the first World War, and whose work "will appeal beyond the spasmodic issues of their time." Pseudo-modernism was one of the confusions through which the true artist struggled; confusion number two was the American Scene cult; confusion three the Social Consciousness movement. True to these premises, the author has little to say of the tough-minded younger generation of artists. He dismisses Gropper's paintings with one sentence, treats Curry, Wood, Hopper, and Marsh as second-rate, and gives two paragraphs to Federal Art.

Mr. Mellquist is at his best when he describes the campaigns and the major engagements of a battle which has now been won, but which loses none of its excitement and its warmth in his telling of it. Here is the valiant story of "291," the small gallery on Fifth Avenue where, for seven years before the great Armory Show, Americans first saw Cézanne, Weber, Rousseau, Picasso, and were softened up for the modernist blitz which was coming. Stieglitz is here, and his magnificent contribution to photography and to art. Here, by quotation, is proved how stupidly obstructive were most professional art-critics, and how much more comprehending were non-professionals like Huneker, Hutchins Hapgood, and John Quinn. A chapter on the Silver Age of Illustration will add considerably to most readers' knowledge of a rather neglected group. Arthur Dow receives credit for his contribution, as do others not commonly given due importance: Thomas Anschutz; Marius De Zayas; Alfred Maurer; FitzRoy Carrington, who founded the *Print Collectors' Quarterly* in 1911 "to educate a continent."

Even artists like Benton for whom the author has little enthusiasm he estimates shrewdly and with fairness, but his best pages are those given to "the more level minds," the rare personalities of Stieglitz, O'Keefe, Demuth, Lachaise, Marin. Mr. Mellquist succeeds in the not too easy task of conveying to the reader their exquisite, fresh perceptions and their perfect craft.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Clear the Lines for the War

Before you make a Long Distance telephone call today, ask yourself these questions:

1. **Is it necessary?**
2. **Will it interfere with war calls?**

The weight of war on the telephone lines is heavier every day. We can't build the new lines to carry it because sufficient materials aren't available. We've got to make the most of the service we now have.

Please give a clear track to the war effort by confining your Long Distance calls to those that are really necessary.

WAR CALLS COME FIRST

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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Bumps in the Night

THEY WALK AGAIN. Chosen by Colin de la Mare. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1942. 469 *pp.* $2.50.

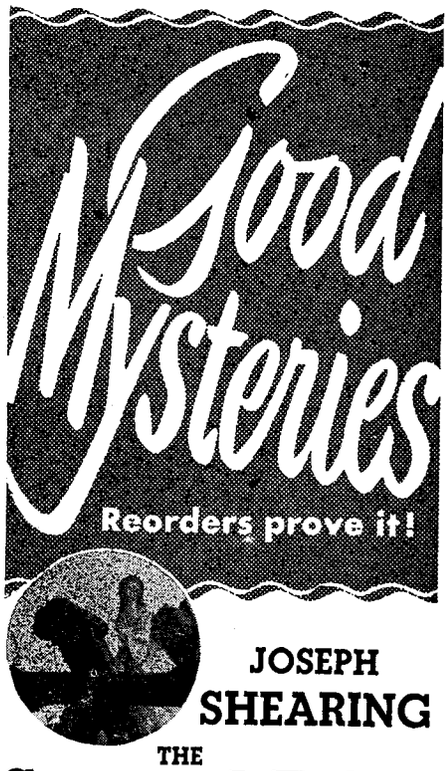
Reviewed by LEO LERMAN

FOR many years laymen discussed the private lives of ghosts seasonally or—if very brave—nocturnally. Investigations of ghostly activities were confined, by the judicious, to Christmas and All Hallow's Eve. A summer ghost was practically cold-shouldered into proper oblivion, and a day-time ghost was considered something of a monstrosity. Midnight—especially an autumnal midnight—was ghost time, and respectable ghosts understood this and behaved accordingly. But in 1931, "They Walk Again," Colin de la Mare's all-inclusive anthology of ghost stories, appeared, and the era of the well-regulated ghost was definitely a thing of the past. It became not uncommon to meet spectral brides at high noon, and many were the complications which ensued, in broad daylight, from courtesies extended to little men and little women who were not even there.

Now, in 1942, "They Walk Again" has been once more issued; this time it is in a handsome edition complete with a pithy foreword by William Lyon Phelps and an extraordinary prefatory essay by the editor's father—that supreme friend of the intangible—Walter de la Mare. All the old favorites are here: Richard Middleton's "The Ghost Ship"; Edith Wharton's "Afterward," an almost perfect story; Algernon Blackwood's "The Wood of the Dead"; and fifteen others. All fifteen are superb examples of the storyteller's art, but the most perfect is Oliver Onions's "The Beckoning Fair One." This is a tale which for sheer horror and suspense rivals Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw." It has unnerved three successive generations of strong-minded, dyed-in-the-wool ghostasters. It is definitely not for the impressionable. It is best read in a swivel chair set in the center of a large, open, sunlit space. And should one survive to read the amazing conclusion, it will be many a year before he walks unattended by that "large bag, of an ancient frieze-like material."

To read this magnificent collection is to step, with R. H. Benson's Father Girdlestone (don't miss page 146), "through the crust of the world of sense and even of intellectual thought." And in this day of holocaust on an unprecedented scale, it is not a bad thing to be able to penetrate just a little distance through that crust. It is even well to believe in ghosts—both good and malignant. For all their viciousness Noel Coward's current blithe spirits are heartening and so are Colin de la Mare's chosen wraiths. Perhaps this is the reason for the success of both.

Since the editor has wisely limited his selection to English and American authorship and has excluded stories which have been too frequently reprinted or are too long, many beloved tales, including "The Turn of the Screw," have been omitted. This arrangement has, however, permitted the reprinting of many, excellent, forgotten stories. This is a book all lovers of good yarns and fine writing will want to own.



JOSEPH SHEARING

THE Spectral Bride

● "Hair-raising!" — *N. Y. Times.* "This latest volume by an expert in old crimes and graveyard creeps is really something." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune Books.*

$2.00. 2ND PRINTING

Mystery in the Woodshed

Recommended by the Book-of-the-Month Club. By ANTHONY GILBERT

● "You haven't finished this mystery by half when you think you've got all its parts neatly resolved . . . Keeps interest at fever heat."—Amy Loveman, *Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

$2.00. 2ND PRINTING

SMITH & DURRELL, N. Y.

Poems of Youth

BELLS AND GRASS. By Walter de la Mare. Illustrated by Dorothy Lathrop. New York: The Viking Press. 1942. 135 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LAURA BENÉT

THIS enchanting volume contains in decorative frames of Dorothy Lathrop's delicate fashioning poems of De la Mare's youth that resemble water-color pictures. They possess an alluring combination of light and shadow and, like all his work, carry a nostalgia of their own. The clear, mischievous noonday sun of childhood shines in "Mary," in "A- Apple Pie," "The Feather," the inimitable stone called "Kiph," the robust "Won't", the fairytale "Somewhere," and "The Prince." But there is a darker hovering, not unlike the shadow of a rook's wing, over this same realm of childhood. It appears in "The Voice," "Strangers," and "The Playmate." De la Mare's children can melt at will from chubby reality to withdrawn phantoms.

These rhymes are companioned by poems of maturity, and is not that amazing, half-mad folktale, "Pigs," one of these? An adult allegory, though children will listen to it, wide-eyed and open-mouthed in terrified delight. They will hearken also to the tapping Bird, mystically summoning the old deaf wife.

And one poem especially, "All the Way," gives forth a fragrant quality:

It's a long way to Abel
And a path of thorns to Cain,
And men less wise than Solomon
Must tread them both again;
But these fountains still are sprouting
The serpent twines the bough,
And lovely Eve is sleeping
In our orchard, *now.*

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

16. Browning: "The Pied Piper." 5. Bryant: "The Gladness of Nature." 17. Davies: "Leisure." 2. Emerson: "Forbearance." 8. Gilbert: "The Mikado." 15. Henley: "Ballade of Dead Actors." 1. Holmes: "The Boys." 9. Keats: "Ode on a Grecian Urn." 20. Kipling: "For All We Have and Are." 18. Lindsay: "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight." 13. Lyle: "Cupid and Compaspe." 4. Markham: "The Man with the Hoe." 11. Masters: "Hare Drummer," from "Spoon River Anthology." 10. Milton: "Sonnet on His Blindness." 14. Scott: "Jock of Hazeldean." 7. Shakespeare: "Sonnet 87." 6. Tennyson: "The Revenge." 19. Thompson: "The Hound of Heaven." 3. Whitman: "Pioneers! O Pioneers"! 12. Wordsworth: "Ode on the Intimation of Immortality."

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Duffus . . .

VICTORY ON WEST HILL. By R. L. Duffus. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1942. 264 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by REBECCA LOWRIE

THE serious young doctor of Alderbury, Vermont, tells this story of an American patriarch, Washington Hendricks, ninety-five years old in the summer of 1941. The framework of the novel is slight. It concerns the gathering of the Hendricks clan to celebrate the old man's birthday, and the complications which arise when four generations of stubborn individualists related only by blood, living by different codes, judging life by different standards, are thrown together for a week. Mr. Duffus has built a long bridge over the stream of American life from the Revolution in which the patriarch's grandfather fought, to the young people, his great-grandchildren, who are crusaders without a Jerusalem. Washington Hendricks is the bridge. He remembers his grandfather who fought with George Washington. His son Lincoln is an impractical dreamer. At seventy he has still to harness any of his wild schemes for wealth and power. His grandson Bryan ("It was just like Lincoln to name his son after a man who believed in free silver") is hard, domineering, complacent, a good liver. His great grandson, Pershing, has tried to find a cause in communism, and pretty Benita, his great-granddaughter, is spending her energy and wasting her wits in chain-flirtations. And there is the little boy Washington Seidler whose father was a German on the wrong side of the new order.

"Victory on West Hill" is a wise and salty book. It belongs to the patriarch who dominates it just as in the end he dominates the futures of his descendants. As a novel it is loose-jointed, but as a series of utterly fascinating character studies it is entertaining and provocative. Mr. Duffus believes, and persuades the reader to believe, that Washington Hendricks's long span of memory gave him the qualities that this country needs. "If all men could live as long and remember as well it may be that courage, endurance, and justice would be more constantly in our minds and not merely brought there by calamaties and wars, and that this tortured and hopeful race of men could will into being a braver and more perfect world.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Field . . .

STORMY PRESENT. By Hope Field. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1942. 253 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SIDNEY L. MCGEE

SIXTEEN is the age a gal in the mountains should be marrying and Pa Poague decided his only daughter, Sherrill, should accept the offer of Preacher Ridgeon. But Sherrill had other ideas, not only about the preacher, but about marrying. Her mom, in addition to giving birth to twelve children of her own, was recognized for her skill in "catching babies," having caught more than five hundred without losing a mother, so Sherrill knew all about childbirth and had made up her mind to have none of it, ever.

She had a hard time putting off the preacher and her pa, but God and her Uncle Jeff helped her. Then David Preston, a handsome, wealthy timber buyer from Cincinnati came along, and it was love at first sight. But the course of true love ran anything but smoothly and it was only after difficulties of varied kind that Sherrill at last won through to marriage and set aside her reluctance for motherhood.

Her tale is told in her own words, in a secret diary which she wrote with ink made from boiled pokeberries.

In Sherrill Poague, Mrs. Field, in her first novel, has created a Cinderella of the West Virginia mountains strangely out of keeping with the squalor into which she was born. Sherrill is a mixture of prose and poetry, of romantic longings and hard-headed realism, of childlike innocence and precocious sophistication, of ignorance and half-digested learning. Her style in her diary is a fascinating but improbable combination of mountain dialect and of words she has garnered from her reading, which she manages to use with reasonable accuracy.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 438)

KALEVALLA: TRANSLATION

W. F. KIRBY

(Runo XLVII Vol. 2: Sun and Moon)

Long he played, and long was singing,
And was ever full of gladness
And the moon came from his dwelling,
Standing on a crooked birch-tree;
And the sun came from his castle,
Stirring on a fir-tree's summit;
To the kantele to listen.

See Here, Private Hargrove

—we knew people would like your book, but we didn't guess they'd like it this much

TIME MAGAZINE:
"This is World War II's best book to date about U. S. Army life . . realistic, informative, good-natured . . . If a book can build morale, this should."

LOUIS UNTERMEYER:
"A neat mixture of genuine experience and sheer zaniness."

MARCH OF TIME:
"The funniest book ever written about the U. S. Army."

N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE:
"A merry military manual of the Hardening Process."

CAPT. ERIC KNIGHT:
"The best book yet about young America in the Army."

NEW YORKER:
"Fresh and cheerful and funny."

STERLING NORTH:
"Rollicking and zestful . . . The best morale builder yet."

LEWIS GANNETT:
"I like the spirit of *See Here, Private Hargrove.*"

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On Bookmaking

BOOKMAKING AND KINDRED AMENITIES. Being a Collection of Essays by Beatrice Warde, Richard Ellis, Carl Purington Rollins, Bennett A. Cerf, George Stevens, Philip Van Doren Stern, Earl Schenck Miers, Lewis Gannett, Lawrence Thompson, Laurence Gomme, Arthur W. Rushmore. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Earl Schenck Miers and Richard Ellis. New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press. 1942. xiv+148 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

HERE is a goodly fellowship of men and a woman who have sniffed printer's ink half their lives and more, yet for the purposes of this book they are as unsorted and adventitious a group as so many casual elevator passengers. There is such a thing as being too miscellaneous, and here is an instance of it. The contributors discuss best-sellers, newspaper reviewers, the function of a university press, book design, the private press, bookselling, the ideal author, the editor at work, papyrus scrolls. It is all pleasant and amiable and informative and entertaining, but it is not worth the price.

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—WILL CUPPY, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

Murder In the OPM

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Dance of Heroes

By William Rose Benét

"In some of the darkest days of the war the Moscow Ballet has staged a most brilliant and sparkling new production, the full-length ballet 'Don Quixote.'"—News item.

IN the harvest time, the heat time, before the fruit,
In the dark time, the desperate, the stubborn stand
for Stalingrad, with the Don run red, the brute
huge drive toward Caucasus and the mountain land—

in Moscow, on a lighted stage, the mimes
danced of the droll crusading Spanish knight
heroic—the Rueful One's fantastic times—
his spell-bound dream in a scene all silver white . . .

Danced Messerer, the ballerina, the brilliant fay;
danced Sergei—Spanish fire and flying feet—
danced small Tatiana, in the glitter of wild ballet
the child Amour, while tympani clashed and beat . .

and far from a new mad conqueror's furious lust
trod Rozinante and Dapple, antic steeds,
till sheep of Arabia Felix, by fine gold dust
clouded, met them, with Parthians and Medes—

or in red greasy night-cap and long white gown
through his inn-chamber raged the disordered don
wielding in sleep his sword—in blood to drown,
assaulting the wine-skins of Micomicon!—

or he whose father was Sancho, and grandsire,
and all right Panzas—with cheese upon the grass,
and wine-skin high in cork-tree, wheezed desire
while near grazed gray-eared Dapple, the gypsy ass;

and he of the order of knight-errantry
whom acorns minded of the age of gold—
though goatherds gaped—discoursed of ivy-tree
and green dock-leaf, and infinite stories told

of times ere fraud and malice and deceit
had marred Mankind—or charged the windmills down,
or freed the galley-slaves, or rode a street
of moonbeams toward a castellated town

where barber's bason turned Mambrino's helm;
a saw-horse, Clavilino the flying steed;
or barren sierra an heroic realm
for damsels in distress and knights at need . . .

O they danced it all, whirling with flying feet—
danced the strange oracle of the brazen head,
the starry foolery, the celestial cheat,
the parable of La Mancha's knight long dead.

For Dulcinea, the lady of his heart,
for hermit Amadis and Orlando mad,
in flowing frescoes of the plastic art
they danced the heroic vision brave and sad,

the furious chivalry, the heart breaking,
all rhythms of the universal theme,
fluid and lyric, leaping and flowing, and making—
with all Mankind—truth of the phoenix dream . .

the zingaresca, the stamping gypsy dance,
(innkeeper, barber, shepherds, muleteers!)
and over the mad kaleidoscope of chance
the Knight, enamoured, charging the spinning spheres

like those who charged the Fascist and the Hun
at Guadalajara, those who fell and died
resisting evil ere the cause was won
for which their country first was crucified . . .

Danced the brave ballerina with flying grace,
danced Korein the artist, rapt and proud.
Danced all, with passionate—with uplifted face!
In their minds the armored tread, bombardment loud,

the fall of walls, surge of the desperate stand . . .
Danced all that dance of heroes—with the night come—
their blood like banners, their hearts for their native land
aflame—and their feet like a drum—their feet like a thundering drum!

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The Phoenix Nest

THE latest number of *Voyages and Discoveries,* which came to us in July, apprised us of the fact that Bob Leavitt has entered the Army as a Major. Bob has been one of the few advertising bozos in whom we have had faith. Robert Keith Leavitt, of Scarsdale, N. Y., is one of the best eggs in the world, and his advertising letter, issued now and then by one whose business in counsel copy and special purpose plans for advertisers and agencies, left him less time than he would have liked to visit with old and new friends, has always had a style all its own. Now the last issue of it, in its usual mimeographed form, is in our hands, and we quote (in part) from it as from a letter characteristically American:

"We had been pestering the life out of the Army ever since June, 1940, and intensively since last December. But so had some 78,000 other former officers of World War I vintage and any God's quantity of civilians, so it is probably remarkable that any one application got through at all.

"One difficulty was that for a while we couldn't get anyone to ask what, if any, we might know about soldiering. They were very minute about what we had done in civil life, and drove us moderately nuts by the unanimity with which they said, 'I'm going to recommend you for appointment *in the Public Relations Branch.*' Fortunately for us, these recommendations were taken by the Army in the same spirit of good clean fun that an Advertising Manager takes the Space Buyer's recommendation of an unheard-of magazine for The List.

"For we—and practically all the other 78,000 former officers who applied—have one finicky point. We were soldiering soldiers. Being in the days of World War I, young and full of beans, we were junior officers on duty with troops. And once you have duty with troops you know there is nothing like it—no staff job in any rank that can offer half its satisfactions. The one thing you *don't* want to do is get behind a desk—much less behind one that is exactly like your civil-life desk. The one thing you hold in contempt is a civilian in uniform.

"Eventually, however, that part of our record that showed we had been a Regimental Gas Officer in France came under the eye of the Chemical Warfare Service. So we got called in to talk to the staff at the Chief of CWS in Washington, and there found a slew of officers that were soldiering soldiers after our heart's desire. They took us in, passed us from hand to hand and must have found us all right.

"So that is how it happened that one minute of a Friday night we were climbing the hill homeward-bound from the city and wondering if we ever *would* get in this war—and the next minute we were staring at a telegram from the War Department addressing us by our new handle and directing us to report for duty on the following Wednesday."

Hail to the Winner

We're glad that Margaret Walker of Birmingham, Alabama, a Negro poet, has won this year's competition in the Yale Series of Younger Poets, with her volume of poems "For My People," which will be published by the Yale University Press in the autumn. Miss Walker graduated from Northwestern University in 1935 and is at present Professor of English at Livingstone College, North Carolina.

A Wrong Attribution

We did not know that Robert W. Chambers did not mean Elbert Hubbard when he wrote "Iole" years ago. According to Earle Walbridge, who had it according to Arthur Bartlett Maurice in his "The New York of the Novelists," it was not the Sage of Elmira, N. Y. (a *Lusitania* casualty a decade later) who was meant by the character of Guilford. Elbert Hubbard of the Roycrofters loved the supposed publicity and wrote Chambers an enthusiastic letter. But the model was more probably Aristide Bruant, whom Chambers may have heard when he was an art student in Paris. Maurice wrote:

> Yet, very curiously, it was not the Sage of that town in Northwestern New York that Mr. Chambers had in his mind at all when he wrote "Iole." The model was French. Over in Paris, Aristide Bruant, long-haired, bull-throated, gesticulating, was declaiming his verses from the tops of café tables. In him were embodied all the physical characteristics needed for the character.

For an excellent recent account of Bruant, try Gerstle Mack's "Toulouse-Lautrec," says Walbridge.

People with Wings

Was it not Inez Haynes Irwin who once wrote a serial story about women with wings, and James Hopper who wrote one about a wingéd man? It seems to us we recall the former in an old *American Magazine,* and the latter in an old *Saturday Evening Post* of many years ago. (Why is it, by the way, that neither of these notable American writers is in "The Oxford Companion to American Literature?") As we remember, Mrs. Irwin's story was a kind of parable of emancipated

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womanhood back in the days of Woman Suffrage. Long before airplanes, of course, and probably before Leonardo Da Vinci, writers were fascinated with the idea of people flying. A sort of imitation of "Robinson Crusoe," called "The Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins, a Cornish Man," introduced the novelty of a flying people back in 1751. Why doesn't someone put Robert Paltock's "Gawreys" and "Glumns" on the screen, and "the beautiful country of Graundevolet?"

Legend of the Right Leg

Last week we had something to say concerning "The Day of the Dwarf," an Hitlerian analogue. Today we give you a pendant to that. Few of our readers may remember *Douglas Jerrold's* letters to *Punch,* back in the Victorian era—not that we ourself were born till the eighties!—but in the tenth letter of that series, Jerrold related a fable that is so perfect an analogy of Hitler's lie-spreading that it deserves to be quoted in full. The same technique, you see, was known back in the middle of the sixteenth century. Today you can make people believe even in a mental cripple!

Serene and balmy was the 9th of June morning, 1549, when three men dressed as heralds, and superbly mounted on piebald horses, appeared in the streets of Utrecht. Immediately behind them, mounted on a mule richly caparisoned, rode a man, or rather a human bundle—a hunchback, with his right leg less than a goose's over-roasted drumstick. The leg was, moreover, bowed like a pothook; and, as at first was thought, that its deformity might be fully seen, was without hose or shoe; in plain words, it was a naked leg. The dwarf was followed by six horsemen, handsomely arrayed and strongly mounted.

The procession halted before the burgomaster's door, when the heralds, putting their trumpets to their lips, blew so loud a blast that every man's money danced in his pocket. The crowd, with gaping mouths and ears, awaited the proclamation of the herald who thus unburdened himself:—

"Let it be known to all corners of the creation, that our most noble, most puissant master, now present, the right valorous and worthy Vandenhoppenlimpen, has the most perfect right leg of all the sons of earth. In token whereof he now exhibiteth the limb; whereat let all men shout and admire!"

On the instant the dwarf cocked up his withered stump, self-complacently laying his hand upon his heart; and at the same moment the crowd screamed and roared, and abused and reviled the dwarf, whilst some market-women discharged ancient eggs and withered apples at him, until the procession, followed by the roaring populace, made their way back to their hostelry.

The next morning, at the same place and like hour, the same proclamation was made. Again the undaunted dwarf showed his limb, and again he was chased and pelted.

And every day, for six months, the unwearied heralds proclaimed the surpassing beauty of Vandenhoppenlimpen's right leg, and every day the leg was exhibited. And after a time every day the uproar of the mob decreased, and the leg was considered with new and growing deference.

"After all, we must have been mistaken—there surely *is* something in the leg," said one contemplative burgher.

"I have some time thought so," answered another.

"'Tisn't likely," said a third, "that the man would stand so to the excellence of his leg, unless there was something in it not to be seen at once."

"It is my faith," said the burgomaster's grandmother, "a faith I'll die in, for I have heard the sweet man himself say as much a hundred and fifty times, that all other right legs are clumsy and ill-shaped, and that Vandenhoppenlimpen's leg is the only leg on the earth made as a leg should be."

In a short season this faith became the creed of the mob; and oh, how the neighboring cities, towns, and villages emptied themselves into Utrecht, to gaze and marvel at Vandenhoppenlimpen's leg! When he died a model of the limb was taken, and cast in virgin gold, and is now used as a tobacco-stopper on state occasions at the Stadt-house of Utrecht.

. . . How many burgomaster's grandmothers there are today in Germany!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
A DEED WITHOUT A NAME *Eden Phillpotts* (Macmillan: $2.)	Deception and murder carried out in West Indies and England unmasked by slightly priggish but perceptive English gentleman.	Unraveller of tangled Victorian crime tells how he thwarted brilliant criminals in decorous, leisurely, and quietly effective fashion.	Wordy but worthwhile
FEAR COMES TO CHALFONT *Freeman Wills Crofts* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Austere English solicitor bludgeoned near trysting place of unhappy spouse and her lover. Insp. French and bright young asst. investigate.	Typical French job of clue-chasing and alibi-smashing. Painstaking, logical, deliberate, with lighter touch than usual and dexterous plotting.	Solid and satisfying
MURDER IN THE O.P.M. *Leslie Ford* (Scribner's: $2.)	$1-a-year metal monopolist murdered in Washington while under scrutiny of Col. Primrose, who contends with additional murder and Mrs. Latham's "help."	Fast-moving mixture of murder and thwarted romance; many motives, many suspects, many complications—all tied together, sometimes by force.	Good grade
PASSING STRANGE *Richard Sale* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Fashionable Hollywood medico fogged in maternity hospital delivery room, with more deaths and near misses before sleuth D. Webster picks killer.	Peppery N. Y. obstetrician shares detecting laurels in gaspful yarn bulging with action, keen characterizations, and vertebrae-freezing finish.	Startling!
MURDER ON LOCATION *Lee Thayer* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Well-planned clubbing of Cal. doctor near movie ranch discovered by P. Clancy and valet Wiggar who solve intricate case.	Lives of horse-opera actors get thorough and colorful ventilating in picturesque, and slightly tiresome, tale with interesting cinematic climax.	Passable

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THE LAST TIME I SAW SALZBURG

(*Continued from page 4*)

Beauty, Wisdom, Richman, and Peasant are willing to play the parts assigned to them, but when the Beggar glancing through his manuscript, learns what a terrible part he is to play, he rebels—and it takes all the power of persuasion of a great poet to convince him (and the audience) that he must not refuse, since he is just as dear to the Lord as his more fortunate fellow-players. One may disagree with Hofmannsthal's proposed solution of the social problem, in a "theocratic state with complex duties, a practical religion and a moral aristocracy"—but greater than the miracle in the play that makes the Beggar lay down the ax with which he wanted to slay his fellow-players was another miracle, wrought by Salzburg and its unique festivals: the miracle that brought together Anglo-Saxon businessmen and school-teachers, Viennese artists and writers, Indian Maharajahs and Japanese diplomats, to listen longingly to a message of peace in a world that was starting anew a huge program of spiritual hatred and physical rearmament.

In 1938 it became clear, even to the optimists and dreamers, that leadership had finally shifted from the world of harmony and poetry to the world of the ax and the gun. Symbolically speaking, Hofmannsthal's Salzburg, the idea of supranationalism, had been defeated by Wagner's Bayreuth, the rallying-point of Pan-Germanism, chauvinism, and German world conquest. Arturo Toscanini demonstrated his comprehension of this even before the Nazi occupation of Austria by deciding to withdraw from participation in the 1938 festival. The same artist in 1933 had cabled a protest to Hitler against the persecution of musicians for political and religious reasons, and refused to conduct the annual Wagner festivals at Bayreuth. Prestige required that the Nazis continue the tradition of the festivals even though practically all the famous artists followed Toscanini's example, if they were not already barred from the honor of working in Nazi Germany for very obvious reasons. Bruno Walter and Sir Thomas Beecham, Lotte Lehmann and Helen Thimig failed to appear on the 1938 Salzburg program. Reinhardt, the Wizard of Salzburg, had become an exile, his castle Leopoldskron had been confiscated and Reinhardt Square had become Hofstallgasse—the sign painters were the only Salzburgers to profit by the change. Hofmannsthal's bust was removed from the Festspielhaus. There were few foreign visitors, mostly Italians—but the Nazis knew how to "fill" the Festspielhaus, the Mozarteum and the other theaters: by "inviting" Hitler youth, party big-shots, and *deutsche Hausfrauen* to attend the festivals. . . .

And what did they see? First of all Wagner—with Reichs-Minister Dr. Goebbels honoring Salzburg by his attendance at the "Meistersinger." Kleist's Greek comedy, "Amphytrion," one of his lesser works, became a flop on the Salzburg stage, and so did Goethe's "Egmont," despite or rather because of its tasteful modernization: the drama deals with the insurrection of the Netherlanders against the Spanish Count of Alba and was put on the program on account of certain associations with recent political events, namely, as the Nazis impudently put it, "the freeing of the Austrians from a foreign regime." To accentuate the political significance, Werner Kraus, playing the tyrant Alba, resembled in his make-up the hapless Austrian Chancellor Schuschnigg who, since March 11, had been a prisoner in the Belvedere Palace.

If this spectacle did not satisfy the audience, at least not the Austrians in it, they could find some comfort in the idea that Salzburg had been selected for a meeting of the Foreign Ministers of the Axis powers and that, henceforth, the Festivals would be under the personal patronage of the Fuehrer, who came there once or twice from Haus Wachenfeld.

An attempt was made to transplant the spirit of Salzburg to another country, to an atmosphere of decency and peace—but the Festival of Lucerne, Switzerland, was started in a world too much concerned with the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia, the annexation of Albania and the horrors committed in Germany itself, to listen to Bruno Walter's interpretation of Mozart. *Silent Musae inter armas*—Salzburg was obviously buried, if not for ever, at least for as long as the mailed fist of Fascism would bear upon its baroque beauty and Renaissance freedom. A dagger had struck at the very heart of Europe—indeed, Salzburg was the first city to be occupied by the Nazi armies in their drive for world conquest.

And Americans looking back longingly to the halcyon summer days of a Salzburg, now buried under Swastika flags—we, the exiles mourning the loss of a country which, despite its shortcomings, seemed destined by fate to be home of everlasting beauty: shall we permit our grief to paralyze our strength, shall we give up the battle against the dark powers because we lost in the early stage? Let us remember that Salzburg was merely an oasis of temporary self-delusion, in a continent divided into thirty or more bellicose states.

Salzburg may come to life again after this war has been won by the Allies. But it will never again be a gathering-place for rich snobs, intellectual dandies, or cynical barbarians, plucking wistfully at the overripe fruit of Europe's decaying civilization. If it comes to life again, it will be a Salzburg of, by, and for the people—and its wisdom and beauty will not perish.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines) All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

LAD (Jersey lawyer) hires lass (stenographer, not unattractive). Lass proves soft-voiced, sweet-tempered, well-prepared, responsive, discriminating, self-respecting, methodical; does not need to be told: "Fees pay wages; work undone (ill-done) yields no fees"; keeps abreast of work despite increasing volume, complexity;—thus invites him (ambitious), shames him (lazy) to productive effort;—becomes deft collaborator, storehouse of their accumulated skill, fount of an orderly atmosphere conducive to achievement, patience itself amid the distresses of creative effort;—produces his (really their) brain children effortlessly, beautifully, proudly;—unfolds meanwhile into a piquant womanhood. Love, doubtless rendered the more imperious by her virtues, abducts her. Lawyer, bereft, chary, seeks her double,—apt, resolute beginner,—under 30, exceptionally adaptable if experienced, —single, but only as portent of probable length of her reign, and only because no one has yet won her. Where is "that not impossible she?" Her own or third-party response welcomed. Box 470-G.

AWAY FROM IT ALL—ranch life with comforts—climate, scenery unsurpassed. Excellent food, riding, privacy, transportation —charming separate cottages—$35.00 to $50.00 a week, monthly rates. Write Mimi Agatin Abbott, Curly Horse Ranch, Sonoita, Arizona.

I TELEPHONED the advertising department of SRL today to inquire the rate for room advertising and was greeted with a note of surprise: "Why I thought the rooms at the Algonquin were always occupied 100%." "That's just the trouble. Too many people think that—and that's what I want to correct. It is very flattering to have people think the hotel is always full. But as it isn't anything like the truth, it butters no parsnips."

So I want to let your readers know that the Algonquin is a regular TRANSIENT hotel of considerable charm. I want to invite your readers who come to New York for a day, for two days, or for a longer visit, to live at the Algonquin. Single rooms are $3.00 a day, double rooms—separate beds $4.50 and quite luxurious suites, with sitting room, are $7.00 and $8.00 a day. All with bath, of course.

Famous restaurant. The location of Hotel Algonquin is in West 44th Street between the Fifth Avenue shopping district and the Theatres. Pleasant walking distance of both.—FRANK CASE.

(*Continued on next page*)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page* 17)

TEACHER with material suitable use in visual education, has interesting proposal for someone working on thesis in that field. Box 471-G.

WANTED . . . One Army, Navy, or civilian to correspond with college student. Economics, music, drama—what-you-will. Box 472-G.

GET AWAY from it all in Missouri Ozarks: 159 acres, $1,000. Box 445-G.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut. A delightful, informal New England farm. Delicious home cooking; pleasant rooms, cottages.

AS YOU ARE, so you write. Detailed handwriting analysis, $1.00. Elsie Briggs, Box 400-G.

COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL twenty miles from New York City stressing academic superiority and social ability; limited enrollment; has boarding facilities for ten boys ages six to twelve; home atmosphere; twelve acres farm land. Catalogue. Box 450-G.

AT SHATTUCK INN nestled 'neath Monadnock Mountain . . . outdoor sports, indoor comfort, tempting meals, complete relaxation fill vacation days with contentment. Amiable people. For booklet write G. L. Austermann, JAFFREY, N. H.

WANTED—Companion to live with elderly lady in New York City. Must be cheerful, cultured, attractive personality, interested in music, fond of walking, under fifty. Good salary. Apply by letter, giving references, etc. Box 440-G.

NEW YORK BOUND? Nor sound of Juggernaut nor flickering electric day, to trouble your slumber at this hostelry. Literary people will appreciate the quiet, pleasant and convenient location of the Hotel Standish Hall in New York City. It is just off Central Park West, and it faces the Hayden Planetarium and the American Museum of Natural History. Direct transportation to the New York Public Library. The Metropolitan Museum of Art is just across the Park. Flexible accommodations. One room, $62.50 per month, for a year. Two rooms, $100 per month. Furnished suites—parlor, bedroom, bath and pantry or kitchenette—from $125 to $150 a month. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery in New York. But there is a spacious dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing to Mr. H. W. McGaffey, resident manager for reservations, Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81 St., New York City.

THE BREAKERS, Vinalhaven, Maine, an old New England farmhouse on the ocean. Lobster, new peas, blueberry pie; a wood fire; no radio.

POSITION WANTED, Organist and Choirmaster, man, 47. All types of choirs, recitals, pageants. Minimum annual salary, three thousand. Box 442-G.

FARM GIRL, sidetracked in town as the aftermath of a college education, would welcome letters from farm folk, past or present. Box 444-G.

SUMMER AT PEMAQUID POINT, between a quiet bay for swimming and Maine's highest seacliffs for surf. Spruce woods, blueberry meadows, quiet. Lobsters, wood fires. Artists' paradise. Far away from arsenals, defense and ammunition plants. Reasonable. Bradley Inn, Pemaquid Point, Maine.

YOUR HANDWRITING may not "reveal all" but it does offer valuable clues to self-knowledge, harmonious relationships. Send specimen and dollar for your Self-Survey. Marjorie Cooper. Box 52-AD.

MASTER OF ARTS in English wants job proofreading, editing, ghost-writing, book reviewing. Box 438-G.

EXPERIENCED SECRETARY, college graduate, age 25, seeks part-time work, mornings, afternoons or evenings. Capable of taking English, French or German dictation, but would accept any interesting work, whether requiring language proficiency or not. Box 439-G.

PERSONALS

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PERSONALS

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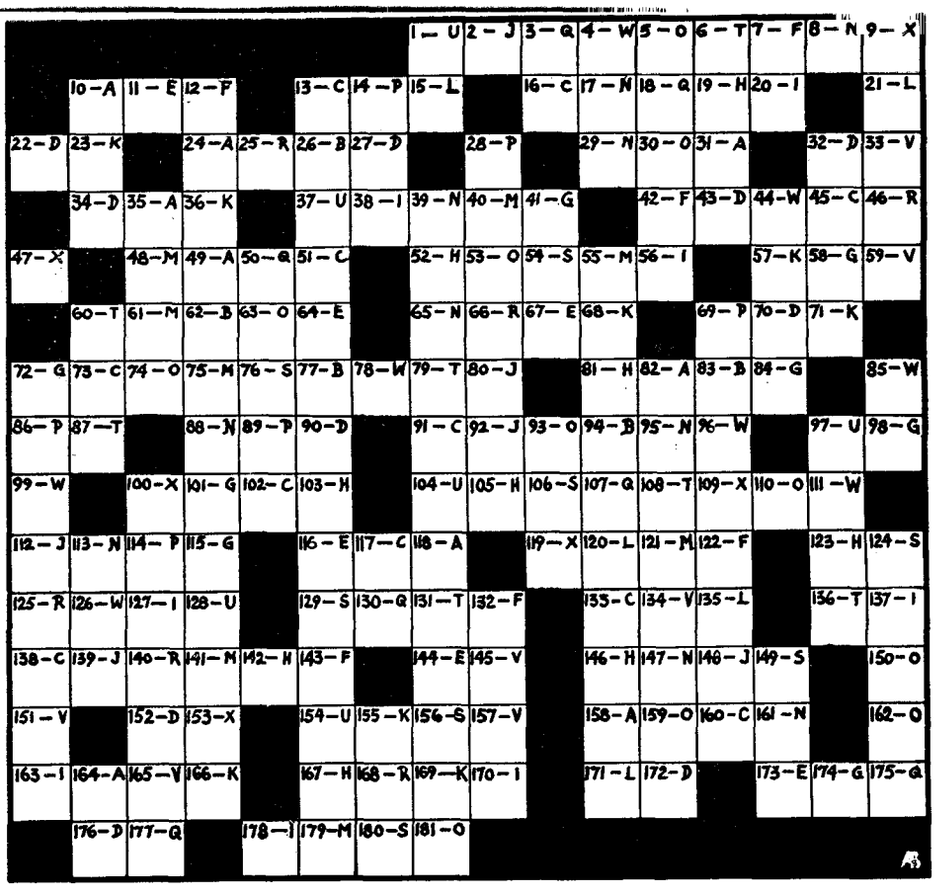
The Crostics Club

ON several occasions letters from DCers have entertained me by attempts to read my character from the DCs as graphologists do from handwriting. The latest interpreter is David Finnie, Freshman at Princeton, with a flair for writing but compelled to speed up in this "damned accelerated program." Mrs. Ernest Leo of Altadena, Calif., is another. While, no doubt, my choice of quotations may be revealing, yet graphologists deal with the straight product of an individual, whereas puzzlers deal with me mainly through the reference books I use. I've already confessed to my reliance on a Concordance for Biblical terms, rather than to any innate piety. Evelyn Spring, Bryn Mawr, Pa., enjoying my excess of words of classical origin concludes that I must be a classical scholar.—The majority of words for choice *are* of foreign derivation. In the light of my own experience, were I to plan a high-school course I would make compulsory six months each of Latin, Greek, French, and German, merely to acquaint students with our language origins to aid in acquiring a vocabulary they do not possess, and to give them a foretaste in case they wish to continue further. I had to drop my Latin at college because it conflicted with the biology I wanted worse. . . . A course in Epic Poetry toward an M.A. familiarized me with translations from the Kalevalla, the Ramayana and the Mahabharata—a liberal education. When I gave you that simple "Hiawatha" DC recently, it was to be followed by one from "The Kalevalla" to show the intimate source of Longfellow's thought and rhythm, and it will yet appear. (Vacation in the *SRL* office accounts for the slip-up.)

In this connection how many of you know that de-lic-ious concoction of Lewis Carroll's, "Hiawatha's Photographing" appearing in *The Train*, 1856-7, a publication in which for the first time C. L. Dodgson used the pseudonym of L.C.? Even the introduction by L. C. in italics preceding the poem uses the familiar metre: "In these days of imitation I can claim no sort of merit for this slight attempt at doing what is known to be so easy," etc. As each member of the family confronts the camera he is introduced. Thus the Father:

He suggested velvet curtains
Looped about a massive pillar,
And the corner of the table—
Of a rosewood dining table;
He would hold a scroll of something—
Hold it firmly in his left hand,
He would keep his right hand buried
(Like Napoleon) in his waistcoat;
He would gaze upon a distance—
Like a poet seeing visions,
. . . . .
With a look of pensive meaning
As of ducks that die in tempest.



Double-Crostics: No. 439

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 13 of this issue.

WORDS	DEFINITIONS
A. English poet (1715-85). (Laureate—1757).	24 35 82 158 118 49 164 10 31
B. Long-limbed and slender.	77 62 83 94 26
C. A "Fayre" satirized in a farce by Ben Jonson (1614).	91 160 138 13 117 45 102 73 51 133 16
D. Fauna and flora of the sea-bottom, lower limit 100 fathoms (biol.)	90 43 176 152 172 22 34 70 32 27
E. Lake in E. Africa (soda deposits).	64 67 116 11 144 173
F. To swallow up, submerge.	12 143 132 42 122 7
G. To decline suddenly and sharply in value (shares).	115 174 72 98 84 41 101 58
H. Ungrateful.	123 167 52 105 19 103 142 81 146
I. Those who lack property (colloq.; comp.)	163 127 178 170 56 38 137 20
J. Surrounded (poetic).	2 148 80 139 92 112
K. To purify, cleanse.	23 36 169 155 166 57 68 71
L. The 5 supplementary days added yearly to complete 365 days (Mayan calendar).	120 21 15 135 171
M. Approaching game stealthily or under cover.	75 48 179 121 141 55 40 61
N. Excogitated (comp.)	65 113 147 8 29 95 88 17 39 161
O. He was immortalized in the tale of a cat (died 1423).	74 159 93 5 162 63 110 53 150 30 181
P. The goddess of love and mirth (Egypt. relig.)	89 114 69 14 28 86
Q. Repeating.	130 107 50 18 3 177 175
R. A simple sacred tune sung in unison (music).	140 66 168 125 25 46
S. Historic battle also called Senlac.	124 54 106 76 180 156 149 129
T. To catch in a trap.	6 79 136 131 60 108 87
U. Thickset.	154 128 104 1 97 37
V. English journalist and critic (1756-1826: *Quarterly Review*).	157 165 145 33 151 134 59
W. To exceed in value.	126 4 96 99 85 78 111 44
X. A coarse woolen cloth or bag made from it, as a camping-kit.	47 109 119 100 153 9

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TRADE WINDS

EXAGGERATED dim-outs in the New York subways have made it next to impossible for passengers to read their newspapers. Most of the citizens have been taking the rap with their usual docility, but not so the astute Mr. Hoyns of Harper's, who says that prevailing conditions cut down the pulling power of advertisements in the metropolitan dailies and threatens to transfer a goodly percentage of his advertising budget to out-of-town papers. These were fighting words to at least one advertising executive I know. He scurried back to his bailiwick in a state of alarm. The next day his paper demanded a restoration of decent illumination in the subways on its front page, and other editors, who evidently began to see the light even if the passengers could not, echoed his sentiments immediately thereafter. We suspect that they will soon get action . . .

THE DEATH of Moe Annenberg ended the career of one of the most ruthless and spectacularly successful characters in the history of American journalism. Raised in a Chicago slum, Annenberg first specialized in boosting newspaper circulation in his home town. When he died he was credited with having the largest individual income in the country. He had been recently paroled from a federal penitentiary after serving part of a three-year sentence for income-tax fraud. His was the largest individual tax-evasion case on record, totaling over five and a half million dollars. He was fined ten million dollars, and put half of that sum "on the line," with the balance guaranteed over a seven-year period.

The great source of the Annenberg fortune was his horse-racing wire service, but he also owned the Philadelphia *Inquirer,* a number of detective magazines, *Click, Screen Guide, Radio* and *Movie Guide,* and the Miami *Tribune.* He had been circulation manager of the Hearst newspaper chain and for a time publisher of the New York *Daily Mirror.*

What price book publishing? . . .

MR. TED HOLLIDAY selects as forthcoming highlights in the world of books: Jim Thurber's "My World—and Welcome to It"; Franklin P. Adams's anthology of his favorite light verse, called "Innocent Merriment"; J. B. Priestley's "Blackout in Gretley," a tale of counter-espionage in England, with a tough Canadian sleuth for a hero; and Angela Thirkell's "Marling Hall," the "tale of a bishop who cures a woman of drink by drinking her under the table." Mr. Holliday's clientele has such faith in his judgment that he can send out a hundred copies of a new book that strikes his fancy and know that not a half dozen of them will bounce back. His attractive shop on Forty-ninth Street was once the headquarters for the latest English books, but the war has temporarily altered the outstanding characteristics of his trade. Readers who like to be in on the very latest literary intelligence from both London and New York would do well to add their names to his mailing list. His address is 49 East 49 . . .

ERSKINE CALDWELL'S forthcoming novel of guerrilla warfare in Russia, entitled "All Night Long," has been bought for pictures by MGM. Caldwell will also write the screenplay for "Mission to Moscow." That trip that he and his wife, Margaret Bourke-White, made to Russia last year has turned out to be the greatest investment since Radio common went from six to five hundred . . . Somebody brought back word from England that the British Broadcasting Corporation had developed its own version of "Information Please," called "The Brain Trust" with a gentleman named McCullough acting as interlocutor of the program. "That," commented Clifton Fadiman sourly, "is a horse of a different McCullough" . . .

WE RECENTLY SENT a couple of new books to Mrs. Robert Sherwood at her Sutton Place apartment. Her note of thanks concluded, "I would like to see you and your wife sometime again. In fact, I would like to see Sherwood some time again!" Mr. S. is laboring hard and effectively in Washington on foreign propaganda, but we hope there is truth in the rumor that he'll take off just enough time for one new play for the Fall season . . .

IN HIS "Assignment to Berlin" Henry Flannery records a meeting with that lost and forlorn soul, P. G. Wodehouse. That the creator of Jeeves, Bertie, and the Empress of Blandings could behave in such a craven and shameless manner gives us a sense of deep personal loss. Nor can we reconcile ourselves to the thought of the great philosopher, George Santayana, living in seeming contentment in Fascist Italy. All is not lost, however, so long as Ezra Pound elects to stay there too. . . . That Lee girl's "G String Murders" will be published in London by the Bodley Head. Richard Simon called her up to impart the good news. "Who," inquired Miss Gypsy tartly, "is going to make the English translation?" . . .

WHEN VICTORIA LINCOLN, the author of "February Hill," was a little girl of ten, the garden of her Fall River home adjoined that of the ageing Lizzie Borden, central character in New England's most famous murder case. One day her mother was horrified to espy her tagging happily behind Lizzie Borden while that lady was plucking a basketful of flowers. She was rushed into the house, and warned never, never to go near Miss Borden again. "But why, Mother?" Victoria asked. The answer to her query was certainly one of the greatest pieces of understatement in the history of English speech. "You see," her mother explained, "that lady was very unkind to her mother and father!" . . .

I HAD ALWAYS believed that writers and painters constituted practically the entire population of Provincetown, Mass., but Mary Heaton Vorse's lively chronicle of the place, "Time and the Town," discloses the fact that the townsfolk just about tolerated the artist colony, and lost no opportunity to show their contempt. "Ma" Enos summed up the popular feeling when her husband fell off a roof, and in the course of convalescence, took suddenly to painting clam and quahog shells, and even an occasional canvas or two. "Go' dammit," mourned Ma, "it's awful. Lucky, though, he fell off the right side of the roof. If he'd come down the left side, he might've been one of them —— —— —— writers!" . . . Richard Armour contributes another neat poem which he calls "Family Resemblance":

He merits encomiums, plaudits, and praise
Who never confuses the divers Benéts,
While he should be showered with ducats and florins
Who keeps in their places the sundry Van Dorens . . .

That reminds us that while Irita Van Doren spends the summer getting over the effects of a severe attack of pneumonia, Belle Rosenbaum is doing a valiant bit of pinch hitting as editor of the *Herald Tribune* "Books" section, with valuable assistance by Lewis Gannett. Nobody knows who started the malicious rumor that Helen Mears's "Year of the Wild Boar" was the biography of another illustrious member of the *Tribune* staff.

BENNETT CERF.

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